SUNDAY MUDDY

Not to mention Friday and Saturday . . . Down on Worthy Farm, where men lose their trousers and sheep lose their cool, ROY WILKINSON clambers into his galoshes, grabs a fistful of flapjack and gets stuck into the GLASTONBURY CND FESTIVAL. Portraits of swampthings by EYE AND EYE

THE MUTOID Waste Company get wrecked

GLASTONBURY CND FESTIVAL
Pilton Worthy Farm

"LOOK AT those f****** clippers over there." After three days of peaceful fun and music at the popular Glastonbury CND Festival, everything suddenly went wrong. Stourbridge's self styled "beer birds and black pudding" combo, **Pop Will Eat Itself** took it upon themselves to viciously and heartlessly mock a flock of freshly shorn sheep.

The filthy PWEI mob have long been notorious for their sexist, wank mag wielding, misogynist tendencies but now they must have the term 'sheepist' added to their litany of woes.

The only precedent for this incident was the unfortunately incompetent toilet system but even this pales in the light of this cruel abuse of sheep.

But let us dispel these barbarians along with their legendary crude three inch hydraulic penises and remember only the good things, the nice people and the delicious wholemeal flapjacks.

THANK THE SUN GOD IT'S FRIDAY

Though unbeknown to the occupants, myself and roving pilot cum photographer Glastonberet Barron engaged the Captain **J Cope** tour bus in a thrilling *Death Race 2000* style duel on the way to the festival. Eventually getting in range in the shadow of Glastonbury Tor, we were distracted at the last minute and had to take out a whole peace convoy.

Thus we arrived at the site a little later than planned but right on time to hear St Julian and The Group bang out their first note of garageland pomp rock, something that surely went far beyond the realms of coincidence.

Even though Cope was a last minute addition to this year's line up, I'd known for months he was going to play here. The sheer verdancy and mythical Englishness of the place was bound to draw him like a magnet. This, combined with the chance to give some nostalgic patronage to this acid sanctuary, made a Cope billing a cert.

What's more, having been instructed in ley line technology by Bill Drummond, there was always the chance that he could divert a few Tor-bound power lines to boost his stage presence.

Microphone-hopping on stage with a 'Reward' period flying jacket ousting the top half of his Lewis Leathers, Cope did little to dispel this notion. From the primeval Cope and McCulloch of 'Read It In Books' to the melody assisted turbo-rock of 'Saint Julian', he ran through his well oiled enigma manouevres.

In the past, Cope tried to give us too much. Now he's channelling himself into more direct, easily assimilated patterns, plotting his course for maximum exposure and enhanced sanity control.

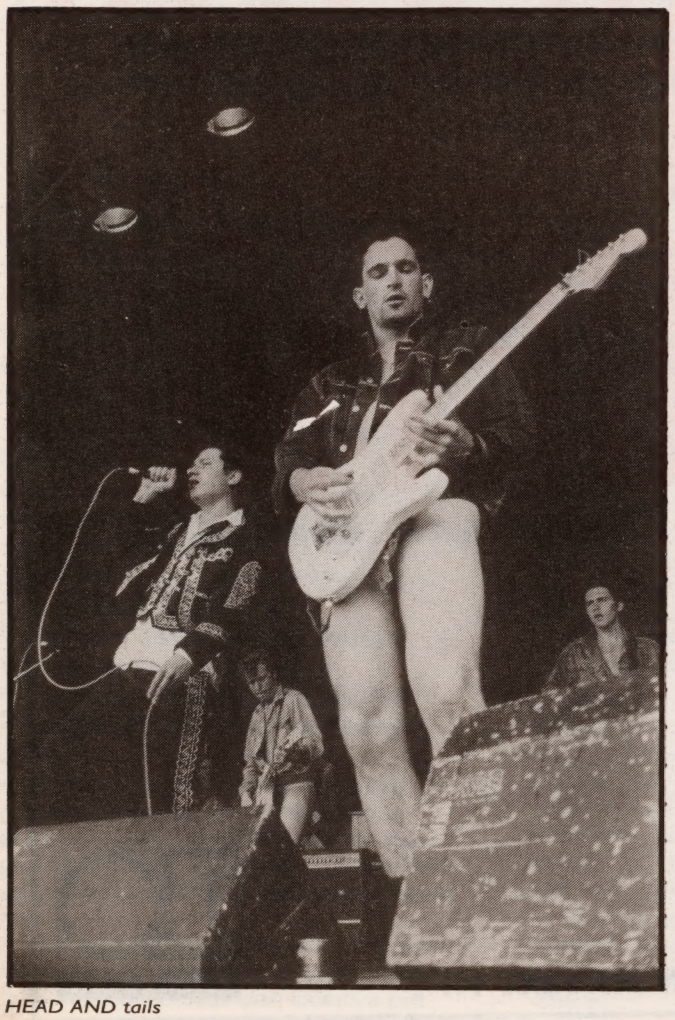
This new approach is best illustrated by the closing 'Reynard The Fox'. There was a time when he felt the need to accompany this song with a ripping of his stomach; now all he has to do is rip off his T-shirt and, bar a few scars, the effect is the same.

To go with this new clearly defined, stadium bound direction, Julian has given us the vocabulary for his assessment: the only logical response is alllrriiiiide!

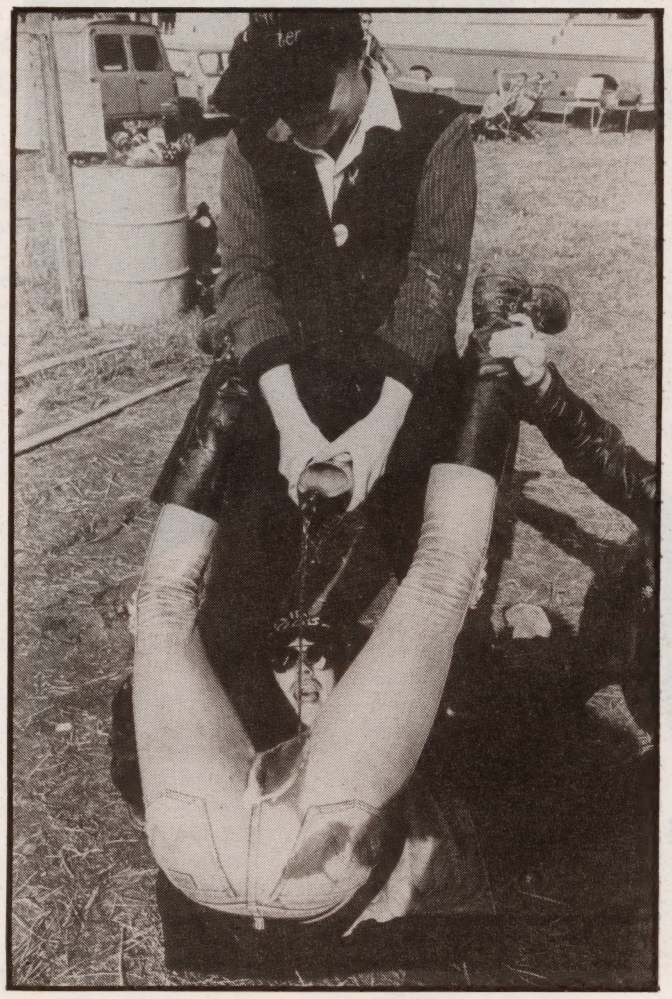
When night falls, the multitude of smiling benificent flower children are immediately transformed into a mud-encrusted cross between *The Night Of The Living Dead* and the retreat from Stalingrad. Along with this metamorphosis we get **New Order**, a band who have long since moved from the monochrome of Joy Division to their present status as a band who arrive on the site via helicopter, shift big units of irresistible ultradisco and are on the verge of 'cracking' America.

After Mr Hook has finished amusing himself walking the site, walkie-talkie in hand, taking the part of bonus festival organiser, New Order assemble on stage to run through their greatest hits.

Including a couple of new tunes in 'Touched By The Hand Of God' and 'True Faith' they glide, laser assisted, through golden grooves, from 'Ceremony' to 'Bizarre Love Triangle'. This good to very good New Order performance works pretty well with the zapping light show, getting the kids to shrug off the freezing chill by



HEAD AND tails



HEINEKEN REACHES the other parts of PWEI

JULIAN COPE gets his leg over

SUNDAY

cringing at the hyper-naive lyricism and joining in with Barney's new found 'martial arts for beginners' style aerobics.

It's only with the encore that you get some real New Order variety. Launching into a version of the Velvets' 'Sister Ray', they manage to keep the minimal chord structure more or less intact while treating the lyrics from an even more minimalist standpoint. Obviously overcome by the imminent solstice, Barney can only manage "*Sister Ray says she loves you*" repeated ad infinitum.

Undeterred by this, he goes on to outstay some mammoth Stephen Morris drumming, spontaneously detune his guitar, conjure up five minutes of free form feedback, trash the guitar and wander round for a few more minutes, beating up selected amplifiers. Alllrriiide!

SATURDAY NIGHT FESTIVAL

Today, serious guitars and serious guitar solos are out in force. From the time-distilled frettery of **Richard Thompson** to the clinically executed rock history styling of Pete Astor, handcrafted middle eights are nearly as common as the handcrafted jewellery.

Catching the end of a disappointing **That Petrol Emotion** performance, it's time for the inevitable worthy but dull set from **Paul Brady** and then **The Woodentops** who deal in a currency ideal for this festival – mix 'n' match, muesli-flavoured, designer skiffle.

Rolo, a uniformly uncharismatic, charmlessly affected frontman, marshalls his band like a dandified cubmaster but still you wonder how Woodentops music can be so much less than its component parts.

From Bennie Staples' drumming to Simon Mawby's wang barbarism, the components are immaculate yet their fusion leads to a wonderfully effervescent yet somehow edgeless music. The Woodentops have been designed meticulously and it shows.

Next we have an acid-fried, leather clad latterday cowboy who keeps a replica Colt permanently about his person, and this is only the bass player. **The Weather Prophets**' Greenwood Goulding is an arresting individual but, then again, the rest of the band have their characteristics too.

Peter Astor, clad in his period non-specific denim suit, and with his aviator shades and his ghostly complexion, has an air of cloistered lethargy about him. Yet even if he can't summon up much passion with his fleshless, perfunctory voice, he is prepared to wiggle about a bit while "coaxing" some "sterling work" out of his "Tele".

This is fine for half the time where songs like 'Almost Prayed' and 'Why Does The Rain' have the strength to carry them through, but when they've finished it gets to be a bit of a chore.

PS: the rain falls in nine out of ten Weather Prophets songs but it'd didn't fall once during their set! How ironic!!

"Tell us a joke you old trouper," scream the teeming masses. And he does.

In fact, there's not a lot that **Mr Elvis Dynamite McManus Declan Costello Napolean Imposter Pop Pope I** doesn't do.

Personifying the variety of his nomenclature, Costello is a past master in the VFM entertainment stakes. Whether eliciting some self-congratulatory politico-Pavlovian response from the crowd or reaching for his own or someone else's manifold songwriting talent, he knocks you back with his breadth of interest.

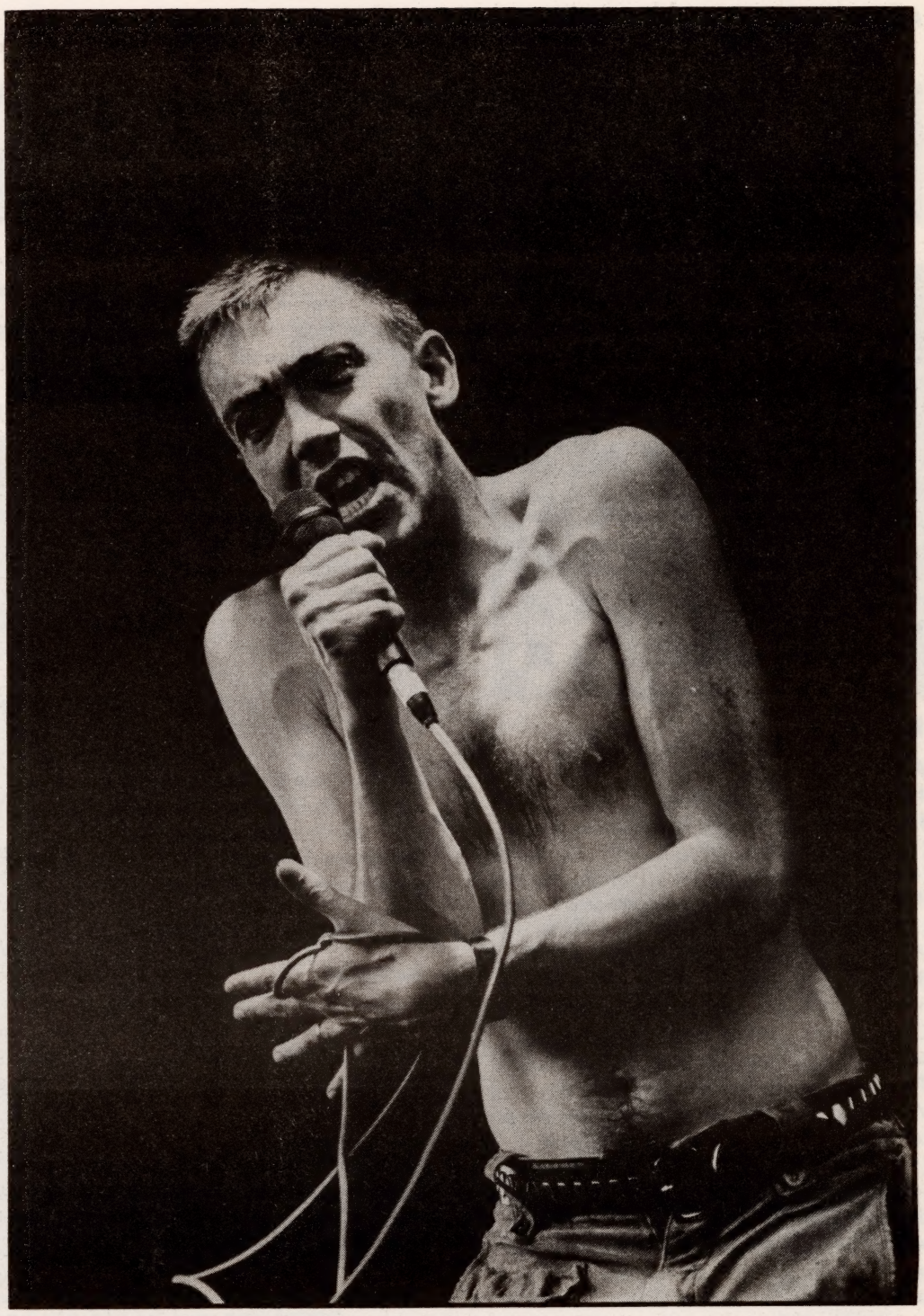
For the first hour and a half this shabby figure stands before a black backdrop, and with only his acoustic guitar and occasional beat box for protection, he knocks out song after song. From 'Alison' to 'Shipbuilding' to his tribute to the next day's king old bastard in **Van Morrison**'s 'Jackie Wilson Said', his scope is undeniable.

Not content with this, he then brings on **The Attractions** for a second set. Abba's 'Knowing Me Knowing You', 'Oliver's Army', 'Less Than Zero', 'Watching The Detectives – all are wirily healthy. Hats off to Elvis, by any other name.

SUNDAY MUDDY SUNDAY

With the burnt out shells of vehicles littering the site and **The Mutoid Waste Company** running rampant here, there and everywhere, time is running out. In some sectors, festival normality is maintained and head shops remain a growth industry. But safe in the knowledge that there is only one true bearer of the name, we seek out those salt water, apocalyptico-spaghetti merchants known as **Head.**

Playing what is practically a home game, this Bristolian fusion of ETA and the 7th Cavalry kick out the jodhpurs. Doubtless disheartened by the recent thrashing of their beloved French Rugby Team, they stick close to their planned 'Head in the nuddy' full frontal assault. All the Headsters bar ex-actor/king tractor Clevedon Pier turn out in jockstraps, fig leaves and Clint Eastwood's old boots.



STUMP'S MICK Lynch: in grave danger of getting mud kicked in his face

With an obsessive fondness for guitar's tremolo units, Candy Horsebreath guides the Head axe assault as they grab rock by the scruff of the neck and, deciding they can't be bothered to kick its head in, laugh in its face instead. This is rock's last guttural groan so come in now and get your slice while you still can – only the Headstrong will survive.

After Head, it's time to get back to rock basics, strip the whole thing down to the base material and build it up again . . . in other words, let's evolve! Where better to start than with the grease stained, unicellar rock spasm of Pop Will Eat Itself?

From the amoebic misogyny of 'Sick Little Girl', it's clear that PWEI are primitive creatures who still insist on dragging their mates around by the hair. But aside from this stupidity, the Poppies have a powerful survival instinct that leads them to grab any tool at hand and employ it for the maximum effect.

Thus we have the neanderthal hop hop method – they grab onto cover version mania and turn out a "Designer Grebo" remix of Sputnik's 'F1-11' as they attempt to set themselves up as Black Country Beasties.

Pop Will Eat Itself "Say Grrrr", but don't worry – the ability to speak should be acquired soon.

In this evolutionary scheme, **Stump** are quite definitely the missing link. Perhaps too specialised to achieve widespread distribution but nonetheless a fascinating creature.

Rolling around on a rumbling post-Beefheartian skeleton, Stump have not only achieved the powers of speech but also a highly developed love of language. The ozone layer, whales and krill, sandwiches and falafels, the summer solstice and drugs are just a handful of the subjects broached by gangling, dangling frontman Mick Lynch in his between songs banter.

Stump may be out on an evolutionary limb but they've made clear their right to exist.

Climbing up our tree to the last creature known to reviewing science and it's clear that something's gone a bit awry; **Gaye Bykers On Acid** are clearly a throwback.

It's fitting that the Bykers should have come from the mud because they're still intimately associated with it. This axle greased, multicoloured tribe of surf bastards have long been proud of their scumminess, and now they see the mud-caked Glastonbury crowd taking on their hue and welcoming them as heroes.

Classic festival material (bored middle-class brats), the Bykers embrace the stuff of psychedelic legend but kick the whole thing into cartoon dimensions and spend their time mocking its transience.

Over the last year, singing Byker Mary has developed into lithe-limbed, grease-gobbed star. Fitting the Bykers' guitar driven sprawl around his free form rhetoric, he promises five hour drum solos, spends half the time in the crowd and the other half fending off beer showers.

Gaye Bykers On Acid are boredom breaking out into brilliance and a parody of festival history. This'll do for now . . . this is the end of civilisation as we know it.

MORE LIVES ON PAGES 18 & 19

VORSPRUNG DIRT Technik, as they say in Glastonbury